THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1884. NO. 32.

UNDER THE RED FLAG.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER XIII.
CONCLUSION.

Kathleen's mission was accomplished There was no more for her to do. She went back to the Rue Git le Cœur, broken in spirit and in body. She lay on her bed, and it seemed to her that her life now was one long Sunday, a time of apathy and dumb, dull rest—joyless, hopeless There was nothing more for her to do in this life. She had given the victim over to his executioners. Shetold was that the end was certain. There could be no pardon, no commutation, of the law's last penalty for such a wretch as Serizier. France would rise up with one loud cry of vengeance were there any puling for mercy here.

The slow days wore on—dull gray days; storms of wind, driving showers, anon the fogs of November floating up from the neighboring river—and still Kathleen lay on the bed or the sofa, helpless, prostrate, as some pale flower that has been torn from its stem and flung aside to wither. Rose had brought a doctor to see her; but he did not even profess the ability to cure.

"There is nothing organically wrong," he said. "Your sister must have had a very fine constitution to survive what she has gone through. It is a case of extreme weakness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness—things tell without actual disease. If you could get her away into the country, fresh air and change of scene might do something; but she is too weak to be moved."

"We will take her away directly she is strong enough to go," said Rose.

The doctor thought that time would never come; but he held his peace, took his fee, and departed.

Rose and Philip watched the fading life in that quiet room on the upper story as devotedly as if the thread of their own lives had been intertwined with it. But their tendernes, their little plots and fond expedients, were all useless. They could not lure Kathleen from her solitude, or beguile her into forgetfulness of her grief.

"While I was watching for that man I forgot everything except the task in hand," she said; "I lived and breathed only for that. My brain was burned up with one fiery thought; and in those days I hardly grieved for Gaston—I hardly knew how much I had lost; but now I think of him and brood upon him all day long."

"But if this goes on you will go mad, or die," said Philip, standing beside her sofa, looking down at her with honest, earnest eyes, full of affection; "and that will break Rose's heart. Remember how she has reared you and cared for you! To her you are more than a common sister. She has been to you as a mother; and you owe her filial duty."

"Let her ask me anything, except to live," answered Kathleen. "I *can not* live without him. Oh, she must let me go—in charity she will let me go—where I shall be at rest forever, as he is. She has you and the little one. She can spare this broken life."

"But she can not spare you, nor I, nor the little one, and it is your duty to live for our sakes. Your natural grief we would respect, Kathleen; but this inordinate grief, this obstinate despair——"

"Had he died a natural death, I would mourn for him as other widows mourn for their husbands; I would bow to the will of God. But he was murdered."

"And you have brought his murderer to justice. Is not that enough Kathleen?"

"I wonder whether I shall live to hear his sentence, to know that he has suffered the murderer's doom?" she murmured; and then she turned her face to the wall, and would talk no more that day.

One day, when the invalid upstairs had sunk so low that it seemed as if she could hardly last to the end of the week, Philip Durand came past the little *cremerie*, which had once been Suzon Michel's, on his way home. It was between four and five, and already dusk, and he was startled to see the door of the shop open and alight within.

While he stared, wondering whether a tenant had been found for the deserted house, now that trade was looking up a little, Suzon herself emerged from the darkness within, followed by a man, who blew out a candle, and came into the street carrying a bunch of keys. The man was the landlord, who had been making an inspection of the premises with his old tenant.

"Come, Madame Michel," he said, as he locked the door on the outside, "you can not do better than take down the shutters to-morrow morning; no one will do so well as you in that shop, and now that business is brisk everywhere, you may make a better trade than ever. I shall not raise your rent——"

"Oh, but monsieur is so generous!" cried Suzon, ironically; "everybody knows that rents are going up in Paris."

"Well, I say it shall be the old rent."

"I'll think it over," said Suzon; "but it will be at least a week before I can decide. Certain it is that I must do something; one can not live upon one's savings forever."

"It was a suicide to shut up such a shop as that, except for just the week of the barricades. But you are not half the woman you were, Madam Michel; the air of your present abode can not agree with you."

He wished her good evening and trotted away, fingering his bunch of keys. Two minutes afterward she met Philip Durand face to face.

Yes, she was changed. The woman of the people, the Amazon, the petroleuse, was curiously subdued and softened. Some chastening influence had subjugated her vehement nature and altered the expression of her countenance to a degree that was almost a transformation.

"Monsieur Durand!" she exclaimed, with a startled look, and then she said, quietly, "I am a stranger in this neighborhood now. It is like coming back to an old life. How is your wife?"

"She is very well."

"And her sister—Madame Mortemar?"

"She is—dying."

"Dying! That is a strong phrase."

"It is the truth. We have done all that care and love could do, but she is slipping away from us. I have no hope that she will last to the end of the month."

"What is her malady?"

"A broken heart."

"Ah, that is more common than doctors believe. Has she never got over the loss of her husband?"

Suzon had turned to accompany Philip, and they were walking side by side towards the Rue Git le Cœur.

"Never."

"I suppose, though, she is glad that Serizier was taken the other day"

"She was glad; it was her own work. She only lived to bring the murderer to justice, and that being accomplished, it seemed as if the main spring of he life was broken."

"*She* brought him to justice!" cried Suzon. "What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say; Serizier's arrest was brought about solely by my sister-in-law; she watched and waited for him, day by day, for three months. It was she, and she only, who brought him to his doom."

"I read in the papers that it was a woman, but I thought it was a jealous woman—some discarded mistress, perhaps. And you say that it was she—that lily-faced girl—*she* who tracked the murderer to his hole?"

"She and no other."

"And she is dying?"

"Yes, she is dying. The task weakened the source of life; body and mind were alike exhausted by the long, patient effort—unshared, unknown, by those who loved her—and now a broken heart has done the rest."

"She shall not die!" cried Suzon, with a voice so loud that it startled the passers-by, who turned and stared at her; "no," she went on, hurriedly, breathlessly, "if there is a God in heaven she shall not die. If there is no God, well, then this earth is a shambles, and the innocent have no friend. She shall not die!"

"What can you do to save her?"

"Give her something to live for; give her so strong a reason why she should live that the tide of life will flow back to her veins, the weary heart will beat strong with hope and love."

"You are mad!"

"No I am not mad. Go and get a fly. Can she be moved, do you think? Could she bear to be driven a little way?"

"God knows. She is as weak as an infant."

"Oh, only go and get the carriage. We will manage it, we will carry her. Go; I have but to whisper in her ear, and she will have the strength of a lioness. Bring the carriage to the door yonder; I will run on and see your wife."

Durand thought she must be mad; but her earnestness, her energy, were electrical, and he obeyed her. In a case so hopeless any gleam of hope was welcome. There was some secret to be told, some revelation coming. He scarce asked himself what, but hurried off to engage the first prowling fly he could find.

Suzon ran upstairs to the third floor. She listened at the door of Kathleen's sitting-roon. There was a faint murmur of voices within, and she entered without knocking.

Kathleen was lying on the sofa near the fireplace, her wasted cheek white as the pillow on which it rested. Rose sat by her, bending over her, talking to her in low murmurs. The room was dimly lighted by a lamp on the mantlepiece.

Suzon went across the room and knelt by the invalid's side.

"It is I, Suzon Michel," she said, "the woman who once hated you, but who has since learned to pity you, and who now honors you. Is it true that you tracked that wild beast to his lair? That when all the police in Paris had failed to find him, you hunted that tiger down?"

"Yes, I found Serizier. They say he will be shot."

"*Sacre nom*, yes, he shall be shot. The women of the Place d'Italie—the people who lived in fear and dread of him, to whom his name was a terror—they will not let him escape, now the law has got him. Madame Mortemar will you come with me? I want to take you to my home, yonder, close to the spot where your husband fell."

Kathleen started up into a sitting position. It was like a sudden awakening to life, as if some magic wand had been waved over her, magnetizing the feeble clay.

"What!" she cried, "you live there? I thought it must be so, that night. Yes, yes, take me to the spot where he fell. Let me see it once more—once before I die. To me it is as sacred as a grave. I can not go to his grave," she added, despairingly.

"Dear love, you are too weak to stir," pleaded Rose, tenderly, with her arms about her sister's wasted form.

"She is not too weak to come with me. She should come if she were in her grave-clothes. You can come with us—you can help me to carry her downstairs. Your husband will have a fly ready. Yes!" cried Suzon, running to the window, "it is there, at the door below. Bring a little brandy in a bottle—wet her lips with a little first. A warm shawl—so," wrapping it round her as if she had been a child. "You are not afraid to come, are you, my little one? I have good news for you at the end of the journey."

Her impetuosity evolved a corresponding energy in Kathleen, who was tremulous with excitement. Rose understood that there was new life at the end of this sudden journey. Yes, there was a revelation at hand, about Gaston. She kept herself calm and steady, while those two others were on fire with excitement. Between them she and Suzon Michel carried Kathleen downstairs to the fly, the three women got inside, Kathleen wrapped in three shawls. Philip got on the box beside the driver; in a crack or so of his whip they were rattling into the Boulevard St. Michel.

It was a longish drive to the Place d'Italie; but urged by Suzon, the man got over the distance very quickly.

The fly stopped before that empty house which Kathleen had noticed in the summer gloaming. The board was still hanging above the door, the windows were all blank and dark; but Suzon opened the door with her key, while Durand lifted Kathleen out of the vehicle.

"Carry her up stairs, following me," said Suzon; "but she and I must go into the room alone. You others must stay outside."

"It is not a trap, is it?" asked Rose frightened. "You mean her no harm?"

"I mean her all the good in the world, and she knows it," answered Suzon, holding Kathleen's hands which feebly pressed hers in response to these words.

They stopped at the doar of the back room on the first floor, Suzon first; then, Philip, with Kathleen carried on his shoulder; Rose in the rear, but pressing close against them, lest there should be danger ahead.

Kathleen slipped from Durand's arms and clung to Suzon Michel, as the latter opened the door. The two women went into the room together, and Rose and her husband were left outside.

There was one instant's silence, and then a wild shriek—a shriek that might be terror, grief or joy. One could not tell what it meant, outside the door.

Rose was in an agony. She would have dashed into the room, but Philip held her back.

"Let them be for a few moments," he said. "Mortemar is alive. The mystery can be only that—alive, and shut up in this house under watch and ward of that woman."

Two minutes after, the door was opened by Suzon, and the Durands went in. The room was comfortable enough within, desolate as the house looked outside. The furniture was humble, but neat and decent. There was a fire burning in the grate, a lamp on the table.

In an easy-chair in front of the fire sat a man with his leg in splints from the hip downwards. He was pale to ghastliness, and had the look of one who had but begun the slow progress of recovery from a sickness nigh unto death. His hair and beard were long, his hands thin to transparency.

Yes, it was Gaston Mortemar, and his wife was kneeling at his feet, kissing the wasted hands, murmuring sweetest words, nestling her head in his bosom, ineffably happy.

"I give you back your dead," said Suzon solemnly. "He was left for dead when I picked him up and brought him in here, shot through shoulder and hip and leg with half a dozen bullets. The surgeon I brought to him said it was a hopeless case; but for the sake of surgery, as an amateur, he would try to cure him. For two months he lay in constant danger. For seven weeks he was man with brain fever—fever that came from the pain of his wounds. I have nursed him through all. The surgeon will tell you if I have been a faithful nurse. And now I give him back to you, not healed, but on the fair road to recovery; although he will be lame all his life, poor soul; but that does not count in a writer, does it? He will be all the greater with his pen if he has less temptation to roam."

"Bless you! May God bless and reward you for your devotion!" cried Kathleen.

"Bah! There is no question of blessing or reward. I have been a wicked woman. I kept him like a bird in a cage, and I let you think him dead, and I told him you had perished on the last day of the barricades, and I let him mourn for you. He was helpless, in my power, and I lied to him and cheated him. But I snatched him from the jaws of death; the surgeon who has attended him will tell you that. I dragged him into this empty house, dragged him away just as the last batch of Serizier's bloodhounds were turning the corner of the street, whooping for more blood; and I kept him here, closely guarded, hidden from all the world, except the surgeon, who believed that he was my brother. He could tell no tales, poor fellow for it is only within the last three weeks that he has been in his right wits."

Gaston's head was leaning forward against Kathleen's, the husband's haggard brow against the wife's wasted cheek. Both faces were the image of death, and yet radiant with a new-born life—the sublime light of happy love.

"She told me you were dead, Kathleen," he murmured.

"Forgive her, dear. She saved you, and I have avenged you. Oh, my love! my love! God is good. He has given you back to me, out of the grave."

"How did you manage to occupy this house, and to keep your existance here a secret?" asked Durand.

"There was no difficulty. I was not without means. I went to the landlord and offered him half the rent of the house for the use of two or three rooms at the back. The house had been unlet a year and a half—the streets is a failure—so he was glad to accept my offer, and the board was left over the door to avert suspicion. The people who saw me go in and out took me for a caretaker; nobody asked any questions. I had a van load of furniture brought here after dark from my rooms at the *cremerie*, and I made things as comfortable as I could for my patient. If he had any knowledge of those dark days he would know that I had nursed him faithfully. For six weeks I scarcely knew what it was to sleep for an hour at a stretch. I had a matrass at the foot of his bed, and I lay down now and then like a dog, and slept a dog's sleep, with my ear on the alert for the first groan of pain."

"God bless you!" cried Kathleen, taking her hand, and kissing it.

"You are a strange woman," said Durand; "but let no one say that you are wholly bad."

"I was a devil in those days of the barricades. I was mad, like the rest of them; maddened with the thought of all the wrongs that we *canaille* have suffered from the beginning of the world. Yes, from the days when Herod put John the Baptist in prison, and cut off his head to keep faith with a princess who danced. I was drunk with blood, the like rest of them. But in six weeks of watchfulness and watching one has time to think; and in the silence of the night, sometimes, I used to wonder whether it was good for a woman to be an *esprit fort*—whether it was not better to be cheated, even, and to believe in some one up yonder who can set the riddle of this world right when He chooses—some hand turning the great wheel of destiny yonder beyond the clouds. No, Monsieur Durand, I am not all evil."

It was not till the end of the year that Gaston was well enough to be removed to the Rue Git le Cœur, and, in the meantime, he and his wife occupied the the rooms in the empty house near the Place d'Italie, with that good natured busybody, Madame Schubert, to take care of them.

Suzon Michel went straight from the house where those two whom she had held apart were lost in the bliss of an unhoped-for union, and gave herself up to the police. The account against her name was heavy, and payment in full was exacted. She was despatched with a gang of Communards on board a rotten old ship bound for Cayenne, and, in the unutterable miseries of that dreadful voyage, she was like an angel of mercy to her fellow sinners. And at the convict settlement she became the nurse of the fever-stricken wretches in the prison hospital, till the deadly climate did its work, and the pestilence struck her down as it had stricken others—a woman young in years but old in strange and sad experience; a sinner, but not without hope of pardon.

Serizier was condemned to death on the 17th of February, 1872, by the sixth council of war. He appealed against this sentence, setting forth the service he had done to General Chanzy on the 19th of March, 1871, in defending him against the revolutionary mob. But his subsequent crimes were of too black a dye to admit of mercy. He and his lieutenant, Bobeche, were shot on the plain of Sartory.

Gaston Mortemar wrote a grand novel, which was published in the following autumn, and obtained a more brilliant success than any book that has appeared since Madame Bovary. There was a fire and a freshness in the style which made the appearance of the story a sensation, an event; and Gaston saw himself released forever from the treadmill routine of a third-rate newspaper, a man with place and name in the ranks of literature, free to write what he liked, and secure of publisher or public. And as the years wore on—years of peace and prosperity—those two households of the Durands and the Mortemars were undarkened by so much as a passing cloud. Industry, honor, and domestic love ruled in each household, and there was no break in the union btween the sisters; albeit Durand and Rose remained constant to the town quarters in the Rue Git le Cœur, while Gaston and his wife transferred their household gods to a dainty little villa at Passy, where the husband could write in his garden among the birds and flowers, while his young wife guided the footsteps of her yearling baby up and down the little grassplot.

The carved oak sideboard was bought by Sir Richard Wallace, and Durand's fame as a craftsman and artist was safely established from that hour; and so, where there had been cloud there was sunshine, where there had been storm there was perfect and holy calm.

THE END.

The Best Policy.

Legislator—No, my dear, I can't afford to buy you a new sealskin sacque this season.

Mrs L.—There it goes. I knew how it would be when I saw by the papers that you had returned a portion of your extra pay to the treasury.

Legislator—But, my dear, how could I help it? Public opinion must be considered, you know.

Mrs. L.—That is just the way with you. You are always thinking of public opinion; never of your family. You did not stop to consider how that odious Mrs. Jones would turn up her nose at my last year's sacque.

Legislator.—But don't you see, my dear, if I had not returned that pay I should have been defeated at the next election, and then we would all have to go to the almshouse.

Mrs. L.—I did not think of that. How true it is that honesty is the best policy.

Anthony Comstock objects to the nude in art as demoralizing and degrading. Wonder what Anthony thinks of the "nude" in the ball-room and high society?

Annie E. Fisher, M. D., a pretty brunette of 25, has been elected vice president of the Massachusetts Homœpathic Medical College.

The girls of Vassar are so thin this year that the name is about to be changed to Vassarlean.

CONKLING UNBOSOMS HIMSELF.

Remarkable Disclosures and Prognostications Made to a St. Louis Clergyman.

St. Louis, Feb. 22.—Rev. John Snyder, Unitarian, and one of the most prominent clergymen of St. Louis, was recently in Washington and New York, and since his return has written some "Notes of Travel" for the Globe-Democrat. The second installment was printed this morning, and takes the form of an interview with Roscoe Conkling, the man whom newspaper men have hitherto considered beyond the reach of the interviewer. The interview is remarkable for its political disclosures and prophecies, but the fact that it is printed is still more remarkable, as it was evidently in the nature of a private, if not confidential, conversation between gentlemen, and the things said therein were never intended for publication. The writer does not say when he had the conversation, but the date can be fixed approximately by the fact that he was in Washington during the meeting of the river improvement convention the first week in February, and went from there to New York. There is no room for doubt that the conversation did take place. Mr Snyder's position as a citizen and clergyman is a guarantee for the authenticity of the interview.

After telling how he sought and obtained an introduction to Mr. Conkling, and giving a graphic description of him, the reverend interviewer says: "A very prominent republican told me that during the bitter struggle of the Chicago convention, a number of Ohio gentlemen secretly called on Mr. Conkling in order to propose a compromise which should involve the abandonment of Grant and John Sherman, and the unanimous nomination of Garfield. Mr. Conkling, of course, saw through the gauze of patriotism and the treachery beneath, and, rising up to his full height, he said, with quiet scorn: 'I see the value of your plan, gentlemen. Which Ohio delegate will put Mr. Garfield in nomination?' The meeting adjourned at once. I thought of these things as I approached the leader who had in a fit of sullen pride taken the crown from his own head. I said, upon being presented, 'I am glad to know you, sir, although I have been one of your most earnest political opponents—an anti stalwart of the most pronounced type.' I said this because I wanted to see the 'quills upon the fretful porcupine' at once. I was not disappointed. The ex-senator turned his eyes upon me with a look of pity not unmingled with disdain, and said with marked courtesy, but with a tinge of the dictatorial in his tone:

"'May I ask, sir, what you mean by an anti stalwart?'

"'Certainly, sir. The strongest symptoms of anti-stalwartism in my case were opposition to the third term, and what is generally called bossism.'

"'The old cry. Did you ever think, sir, that you can't do the simplest piece of work of any shape or fashion without having a controlling head, who may or may not be called the 'boss,' but who will be the boss in reality? Do you want a political party to be anything but a flock of sheep with a bellwether about? I am sick of this miserable stuff about 'bosses' coming from men all over this country who never did a day's political work in their lives. I don't intend my remarks to be personal, sir. But now the republican party has got rid of its 'boss,' every man who has a head taller than his fellows has been killed off. It is an army that has shot its own leaders in the face of the enemy. Now I hope the cranks are satisfied. And what is the result? You have lost the lower house of congress, and that is only the beginning of your losses. Of course I have no present interest in the contest, because I am out of the whole thing. I am a republican, and expect to remain one, but I have no sympathy with this method of fighting in a headless army.'

"'Well, Mr. Coukling,' I said, finding that our agreement upon the subject of the boss as a political blessing was not likely to be very hearty, 'I wish you felt disposed to talk about the convention that nominated Garfield. I am confident that you could tell me more about that contest than any body I ever met.'

"There was a slight shrug of the ex-senatorial shoulders. 'The matter is past now, and I have little interest in the result, but,' frowning, 'it was such a sickening history of false pretences, miserable hypocrisy, and detestable political corruption that I have no heart to review it.'

"'I suppose the apparent spontaneousness of the result was only upon the surface.'

"'Certainly; it had been all arranged weeks before. Great pity,' with a sigh of regret in his voice. 'Gen. Grant could have secured the votes of two or three southern states, and thus opened the door to a republican party in the south.'

"I didn't believe a word of that, but tho't it sagacious not to say so. I gave another tack to the conversation.

"'Senator,' I said, 'what effect upon the democratic prospects for next fall do you think their divided leadership upon the tariff will have?'

"'They may have a divided leadership, but they have no divided army. I have tried in times past to break through the solid phalanx of democratic voters in this state, but never yet found a weak place in their line. No matter what issue you sprung on them the rank and file of the democratic party are always ready to march under the commands of their acknowledged leaders. There never was such political organization in any other party.'

"'Why, I have always thought that the republican party surpassed it in vital organic strength.'

"Another look of pity combined with a less amiable ingredient.

"'Well, sir, I have never had the honor of meeting a gentleman with whom I differed so radically. May I ask upon what you base your judgment in this matter?'

"'Of course I defended my position as well as I could with becoming modesty. In my answer I said something like this:

"'Surely, Mr. Conkling, that party can boast of great organic strength, which, after defeating in national convention its three most astute political leaders—Senator Logan, Cameron and yourself—upon a question of national policy so vital that you gentlemen feared the defeat of Grant meant the probable defeat of the party; yet, through the sheer strength of party discipline, and you gentlemen went into the campaign with unabated enthusiasm, even when you knew what your relation to the Garfield administration must be. You helped make the fight with the knowledge that you had probably nothing to gain from the victory. I doubt if the democratic party has been able to train leaders of that temper.'

"'Mr. Conkling's only direct reply was: 'Beyond all question, Gen. Grant made Gen. Garfield president of the United States.'

"'I did not believe that, either, but I only said: 'At least he did what he could to achieve that result.'

"'He made him president, sir. The republican party would have suffered defeat if Grant had sulked in his tent.'

"'Tell me, senator, if you feel like speaking freely upon the subject, what in your opinion should have been the attitude of the republican party in repect to the Tilden and Hayes controversy?'

"'Well, it is difficult to say at this late date what would have been a wise and just policy in such an issue. The policy should have been marked with consistency, at least.'

"'Which, in your opinion——'

"'It was not, sir. Judge these facts! The electoral commission declared that Rutherfraud B. Hayes'—strong emphasis on the word fraud—'had received the electoral vote of Louisiana. After the accession of Rutherfraud B. Hayes to the presidency he affirmed that Packard, who had received some 3,000 votes less than Samuel J. Tilden, was governor of that state. If Packard was governor, then Rutherfraud—the word evidently a sweet morsel—B. Hayes held his place by the most palpable fraud ever perpetrated.'

"'That surely was a miserable blunder.'

"'It was more than a blunder, sir. It was a crime.' This with increasing emphasis.

"'You were not a member of the electoral commission, if I remember rightly, Mr Conkling?'

"'No, sir. I was not in favor of the creation of the commission, in fact, but we had limited ourselves in the senate by an abandoned ten minute rule, and I knew I could not give my reasons for opposing the commission inside of that time, and so I remained silent.'

"'It did look as if a bargain had been formed, especially in the light of subsequent events.'

"'I cannot trust myself, sir, to characterize the whole transaction. It was only a part of that whole sickening programme of cant and hypocrisy with which these people have been imposing upon a confiding public.'

"'What do you think of the future prospects of the party, Mr. Conkling?'

"'I am so entirely out of politics myself, and so ignorant of party movement, that I am the last person in the world to come to with such a question.'

"'I am not a very enthusiastic republican myself,' I said, 'but I believe heartily that the democratic party will not go into power next year, no matter what candidate they select.'

"'Well, sir, I am by nomeans as sanguine and I fail to see an intelligent basis for your expectation; but I pretend to no knowledge in the matter. But mark this, sir. Of one thing I am certain in my own mind: The democrats will elect the next president. Remember, I do not say he will be a democrat; but I do say that that party will be the determining factor in the result.'

"By this time the dinner was finished and we rose to depart.

"'Mr. Conkling,' I said, 'I hope when next we meet we shall be able to select a subject upon which we shall have more in common than the theme of politics.'

"'I shall be happy to converse with you upon any subject, sir,' was the cordial and courteous response, and so our long chat ended."

THE PEERLESS BRECKENRIDGE.

Soule Smith in Cincinnati News Journal.

I am not given to indiscriminate or unqualified praise, and think I understand the undesirable points of a man's nature as quickly and as fully as the next one. Nor am I under any sort of social or political obligations to Colonel Breckenridge, and I understand fully the force of language when I say that in my judgment his equal as an orator does not exist in America—or anywhere else so far as I can learn. When I first heard him he was the equal of any man in Kentucky—and John C. Breckinridge was alive then—and during the fourteen years that I have listened to him he has improved more than any person I ever knew. In some points I have heard Ed. Marshall equal him; once I heard John B. Huston surpass him; but in uniformity of excellence, in fullness of information, in aptness of illustration, in clearness of statement, in readiness of reply, in brilliancy of imagination, in fertility of fancy, in keenness of sarcasm, all combined with exquisite English and unerring judgment as to the time and method of their use I have never heard his equal. In pathos I thought Huston excelled him, and in broad humor he has not the gift which renders Ed. Marshall at times inimitable, but in all that goes to make up the great parliamentary debater, he is the superior of any man I ever saw, and I have listened to Aleck Stephens and Bob Toombs when they fought for supremacy in their palmiest days.

He has that rare combination of great natural genius and intense application which makes it impossible for him to say anything and not say it well and more impossible for any one to listen to him and not learn. The element of his oratory is idea, and th words fit themselves to it like scales to a fish; he develops thoughts, and they clothe themselves in language in the very moment of their birth. Unremitting

(Continued on Fourth Page.)